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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY SHANE SMITH.

CHAPTER XVII.

Frank was in a fever of anxiety from the time he mailed his letter till he received the reply, which was as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 18—.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:—Your note reached me yesterday, and gave both pleasure and pain. It is sweet to know that I am remembered, but it grieves me to learn of your unhappiness and discouragement. I am sincerely glad that your mother is recovering her usual health, and trust that, as she grows better, you also will be more cheerful, and able to perform your duties with satisfaction. You ask my advice. I do not know what to tell you, except what I do myself, to keep down painful thoughts and useless repinings, for I, too, am lonely. Since circumstances have separated us, I feel that my only course is to keep my mind fully occupied by study, by active interest in and effort in behalf of others, and by constantly striving to be all that your partial fancy pictures me. In following this plan, I often meet with difficulties. My mind wanders from my work to years and scenes gone by. The present seems hard, and the future dark and cheerless. But when I feel unable to bear patiently the trials of life, and have done all I possibly can to maintain calmness of mind, there is an unfailing source of strength to which I resort, and which is free to all who will seek it. I do not pray for what God has given me power to obtain myself, but for what I cannot get, and what I so greatly need—the power to do what is right in spite of obstacles, and the ability to wait patiently and trust Him to give me what it is best I should have. Oh, if we only do our duty faithfully, be sure we will be happy, inexpressibly happy, sometime; if not here, then in the blissful hereafter. That you may learn to accept this never-failing, mysterious help from above, is the daily prayer of her who was so long your sister

ELINOR.

When the young man read this letter, he felt a strange, chilling sense of isolation he had never known before. He seemed separated from his loved one by an insurmountable barrier. She seemed to him to belong to a purer, more exalted race than himself, and he felt that, with all his uprightness and determination to live a noble, blameless life, he was still far below her. His spiritual nature had not been cultivated as Elinor's had been, and, indeed, in this she was naturally his superior. His keen, well-trained mind canvassed over and over the problem her letter presented to him, but he was unable to understand the mystery of her calm reliance on an invisible, intangible Helper.

To him, the Creator was the personification of power, majesty, wisdom, and abstractly, of goodness; but that was all. His logical mind would not permit him to believe that all the varied and marvelous living organisms that people this earth, with immortal man at their head, had evolved themselves from ultimate matter, without a planning, designing, guiding and controlling Intelligence. But it had never seemed to him likely that such infinite Power would stoop to listen, with fatherly care, to the complaints and petitions of the insignificant creatures inhabiting one of the most insignificant motes whirling about in its appointed place among countless starry multitudes in the inconceivably vast universe. Now, as he sat thinking of the letter in his hand, his mind gradually wandered to the consideration of these questions, and he wondered if it could be that Elinor had really discovered the deeper meaning of all the beauty and glory of Nature, of its inexorable laws, and mysterious silence to man concerning his origin and destiny. Had she found the cause? There had been times, he remembered, when he had felt that there must be, somewhere, a satisfactory answer to all the dark problems that confront a thoughtful person; but the hurry and bustle of everyday life and interests had crowded out all such speculations from the brain of the young man, just as they do from thousands of other minds. He felt now, dimly, that perhaps the grave, quiet girl he had known so long had learned more of the mysteries of life and immortality than he himself had been able to fathom. He acknowledged to himself that she must experience something very different from the cold, selfish formalism that had unfortunately always been presented to him as religion, for that, he felt certain, could never inspire any one with a spirit of self-sacrifice, nor with faith, hope nor charity. At any rate, she showed herself able to endure trials better than he could, and he felt a new and profound respect deepening his love, and a determination to try, at least, to become worthy of her.

At first there had been a slight bitterness in his feelings to find no relenting in Elinor's letter; but that unworthy sentiment vanished as he allowed himself to think of what she wrote, and of the pure, unselfish heart that prompted her words. He began to feel that, hard as it might be to her, she would really continue in the path she believed to be that of duty, and for the first time he confronted the probability of having to live without her. It seemed impossible. All the words of encouragement in the letter before him seemed utter mockery. He meant to conquer circumstances, not submit to them. How could he occupy his mind with study, when it was so preoccupied by thoughts he had no power to dispossess? Neither could he employ himself in benevolent labors for the welfare of the poor about him. He longed to devote his life to one, not to an unappreciative multitude. There was his mother, to be sure, he thought; but he was obliged to care for her, and the performance of that duty brought no solace to his lonely heart, that hungered for the one sweet presence that satisfied mind and soul.

The more the young man thought of Elinor's plan of life, the more utterly incomprehensible it seemed to him, and the greater was his wonder that she could find in it peace and satisfaction. Little could he guess the conflicts through which she had passed before she conquered peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As may readily be imagined, Elinor Norton's abrupt departure from Mrs. Stoddard's home furnished food for gossip to all those of both genders who are never so happy as when, in cannibalistic fashion, they are dissecting the character of an absent and innocent woman.

Mrs. and Miss Van De Witt were particularly severe in their judgment and loud in their condemnation when they heard the story according to Mrs. Stoddard's version, which, it need hardly be said, was not that of this narrative.

"It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of," said the older lady, pursing up her lips severely, in righteous indignation, as she repeated the news to her daughter after a call on Mrs. Stoddard, who was just now able to receive visitors. "That creature is certainly the most ungrateful, brazen hussy I ever saw," she continued.

"That's what I think," responded the younger lady, looking up from her novel with eager interest. "I always thought so, and I'm so glad they have found her out, the mean, sly, still thing. I guess Mr. Frank will not think she is so perfect, now she has treated his mother so cruelly. Did she really go away while Mrs. Stoddard was sick and alone?"

"Yes," said the mother. "Mrs. Stoddard said she was suffering frightfully, and Frank was gone, and she offered that girl anything she wanted if she would only stay till she was well. She even promised to send her to Paris to study after a while if she would wait; but no, nothing could stop her. Go she would, and go she did, to Philadelphia. Paris is too far off."

"Oh, yes; I understand," said Miss Adeline. "Of course she wouldn't go far, and it's nothing but an excuse, anyway. Of course she doesn't mean to be a doctor. Why, she couldn't, you know; doctors are always men."

"Now, don't be foolish, Adeline," said her mother; "women do study medicine sometimes in Paris, and even here in Philadelphia some have lately; but they must be horrid creatures, I'm sure, hardly fit to be called women at all! For my part, I think it very likely she really means to try to be a doctor, if she fails to catch Frank, and I think she will miss that prize, at all events. She is just the sort to be doing some such outlandish thing, for she was of a very common family, and she was always poking about in dark alleys, hunting up miserable wretches that no lady would think of going near."

"But I don't see why she was in such a hurry to go just then, when Mrs. Stoddard was sick," said the young lady. "If she loves to take care of sick people, I should think she would have hated to go off and leave Mrs. Stoddard that way. But I suppose she was only pretending before just to make the men think she was very kind and tender-hearted. There was Captain Talbot. He just thought she was equal to a Sister of Charity for goodness to poor sick folks. I heard him say so myself, when he was paying her so much attention. I wonder what sent him off so suddenly. I guess he found her out some way."

"Perhaps Mrs. Stoddard gave him some hints before he went too far," said wily Mrs. Van De Witt.

"No; she tried to encourage him all she could, I know, and she was awfully cut up when he went away, too," said her daughter, adding, suddenly: "Oh! do you know Captain Talbot has come back? Tillie Morris told me just now while you were out."

"Well," said the matron, decidedly, "if you don't secure him or young Stoddard, now that girl has thrown away her chance with him, it will be your own fault, that is all I have to say."

"O, mamma, how can you talk so?" said the daughter, with a simper of secret satisfaction at the prospect. "But I can't understand why that girl went off so suddenly just then," said she.

"Why, you see, she was trying so hard to catch Frank that Mrs. Stoddard had to interfere and remind her that there were some proprieties to be observed, and then she became so angry and insolent that she had to be reproved, and that she wouldn't bear at all, but said she would leave the house at once. She went so far, you know, that she didn't dare to wait till Frank got back, for fear she would betray herself, and he would be provoked with her; so she hurried off that very day, leaving poor Mrs. Stoddard sick in bed, and trusting to her influence over Frank to make him believe his mother had treated her so badly she couldn't bear it any longer."

"I wonder if it can be that she has got him to offer himself," said Miss Adeline, anxiously.

"I do not think so," said her mother, "for Mrs. Stoddard said that, although the girl had done her utmost to make trouble between them, her son had too much self-respect and regard for her feelings to be drawn into anything serious with such an ungrateful, reckless creature, running after notoriety, too, as she is. That would be enough, I should think, to cure him of anything foolish. His mother seems to feel quite easy about it, now that the girl is out of the house, and says that, although it was a great shock to her to have one she has treated like a daughter desert her in that way, after doing her utmost to spoil her son's future, still she is truly thankful everything has happened just as it has, for she could never have had the heart to send her away herself, and, if she had remained, she might have succeeded in deluding her son into the belief that she was breaking her heart for him. She says he has such romantic notions about such things that she does not doubt that he would really have sacrificed his prospects, brilliant as they are, and married the girl, if she had not discovered the game she was playing, and brought matters to a crisis just as she did. Now, however, that Frank knows how she feels about it, and how his charmer has really acted, she no longer feels any anxiety about the matter. She said she would not mention the affair to any but a few of her most intimate friends, and she wished us to say as little about it as possible."

"Of course, we will only tell our friends," said Miss Adeline.

"As soon as her health will permit, she is going into society more than she has done since Mr. Stoddard's death, in order to help Frank to forget his boyish fancy. Of course, that will not be very difficult, you know, and we must do our part, or, rather, you must do yours. Now is the very time to make an impression, when he is just getting over his first attack. However, you must be very polite to the Captain, for there is no telling but what you will need to stand well in his good graces yet."

"O, mamma, he is such a disgusting old fellow. He always makes me think of a greasy old Dutchman dressed up," said the young lady, this time with genuine feeling.

"You ought not to speak so about a gentleman like Captain Talbot, because he happens to be corpulent," said the mother, rather stiffly. "He belongs to one of our oldest families, as you know, and it is no disgrace to have plenty of flesh. For my part, I like his appearance better than I did that walking skeleton of a French music teacher you admired so much," and the mother glanced with satisfaction at the faint flush on the usually colorless face before her. "But what is most important," she went on, as if no little digression had occurred, "is that the Captain will doubtless make a kind, indulgent husband, and can give his fortunate wife everything a reasonable woman could desire."

The mother saw that her thrust was felt, and she also knew, by the downcast eyes and silent lips, that the daughter had "accepted the inevitable," and would prove obedient to her wishes, just as she had done in the absurd affair of the penniless Frenchman, the one romance of her life.

[To be continued.]

Land Monopoly.

Dr. H. J. Glenn, nominated by the New Constitution party and the Democrats for the office of Governor of California, is a man who represents perhaps more fully than any other the crying curse of land monopoly in that State, against which the new Constitution directs some of its severest penalties. He owns sixty thousand acres of land, monopolizing a tract which, if peopled as the land in the older States, would subsist from five to twenty-five thousand souls. The Sacramento *Record-Union* says:

Dr. Glenn's far-stretching fences exclude the intending settler, and all around him his monopoly reveals itself in the silence of desolation. There is no form of monopoly which seriously deserves the opprobrium of mankind but this. No man can monopolize the ocean. No man can monopolize the production of any manufactured article. But the man who grasps the land, and who arrogates the segregation of thousands of its most fertile acres, perpetrates a real and grave injury upon his kind, for he diminishes by so much a patrimony whose bounds are fixed by nature, and the entire amount of which no human ingenuity can increase. It is such men as Dr. Glenn who swell the criminal and pauper element in our cities; who year by year thin out and impoverish the precious class of yeoman farmers; whose vast holdings steadily encroach upon the little farms of their poor neighbors, and absorb them; whose hard business tendencies ignore the lack of all human associations, aspirations and sympathies, in their vicinity; whose sordid wheat fields cover the ground that should be made sacred by the homes of men and women, and ennobled by the church and school-house; who encourage cheap Chinese labor by creating a competition which destroys white industry; and who for years have been ready to supplant Caucasian labor on their farms by Mongolian, and would have done so but for the fear of public opinion.

Lady Lucy Clementia Davies, the only sister of the Earl of Perth, and the author of two interesting volumes of her reminiscences of the courts of Versailles and St. James, died recently at the age of eighty-four. She was the last of the Drummonds who were born in the chateau of St. Germain, in which her parents, grandparents and great-grandparents held apartments by favor of the French crown from the time when they quitted England in the train of the exiled Stuarts.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, June 28, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The feeling of relief evinced in all quarters at the sudden solution of the mystery of the Hull murder shows that there had been a much wilder dread of the discovery of some sinister domestic tragedy in the affair than was superficially evident from the average popular theory regarding it. The coroner's inquest, so far as it went, explained none of the seeming contradictions in the appearances of the dead body and the desecrated mansion, while it certainly had the effect of representing the police as working upon occult suspicions not revealed to the public. As the case is now understood, the detective authorities were misjudged in that respect, from their very proper reticence as to their private views, until their hunt for the missing jewelry had progressed further, and so early as Friday of last week they were really working upon that Boston clew to the latter which resulted in the identification of the robber. The confession of the mulatto, Chastine Cox, at once confutes all the theories previously ventilated by the press and individuals, and yet agrees with some of the conjectures of nearly all of them. While the fellow's single design, as he says, was robbery, he is no professional house-breaker or burglar, and though murder ensued from his crime, it was committed without intention on his part. He did not belong inside the house, yet from occasional employment there and acquaintance with the cook, Nancy Francis, was familiar with the interior, and while he used no anæsthetics upon the sleeping woman, the strange quickness with which she died of suffocation from his compression of her mouth and nostrils, to prevent her outcry, caused the appearance of her having expired without a struggle. There is plausibility in the explanation of his binding the poor victim to the bedstead with the bedclothing, under the impression that she was only temporarily unconscious, and, though gagged with the quilt, might yet give some kind of alarm before he could get away; and the remark that he threw water and cologne over her at last, and approached a lighted candle to her eye to facilitate her expected recovery of sensibility, when he finally became alarmed at her deathly appearance, accounts for some aspects of the next morning's scene, which at first made it seem as though a different professional intelligence from that of any vulgar thief had been concerned in the tragedy. Thus the crime was that of an outside amateur burglar, with inside advantages; the murder was a ghastly accident of the lesser intentional wickedness, and a variety of incidental circumstances conspired to produce appearances susceptible of widely-varying construction. But, though the yellow scoundrel's prompt and concise confession reconciles a number of apparent incongruities in this manner, it suggests some perplexing inconsistencies between the seeming general shrewdness of the man and the fatuous temerity of his conduct after the midnight murder. Presenting some of the stolen jewelry to disreputable female associates in this city, and offering other pieces for pawn right and left in Boston, he sowed his own track with the surest possible means of his speedy identification and capture. Indeed, beyond going to Boston, he appears to have adopted no precautions whatever against discovery, and now tells the frightful story of his deed with a cool, logical definition of detail implying an almost cheerful resignation to the scaffold. Scarcely can he avoid hanging, since that is the legal penalty for his offense, even allowing, as is generally credited thus far, that he did not intend to kill poor Mrs. Hull. Such must be his fate, unless something can be made of a plea of insanity for him. Public curiosity remains feverish as to the amplifications of the confession likely to be elicited before the whole shocking tale is told, and the case bids fair to take the precedence of all others in popular attention for at least another fortnight of the balmy season its evil genius defiles.

It is probably in the nature of things that a certain proportion of our women should grow up poor and remain unmarried, and it is also in the nature of things that many of them should, while meekly accepting their condition, protest against a dependent position, and seek to carve out for themselves some "paying" career. This laudable desire on the part of so many who have missed the "perfect purple state" of love and happiness is at the bottom of the modern cry of *place aux dames* and the constant effort to open new fields of action to our unemployed, educated women. By this effort some effect must be produced, and we see already how much easier it is for women of the higher classes to support themselves when necessity or choice leads them to make the attempt. Indeed, it is left to servants, sewing women and the great mass of comparatively unskilled workers to find the real difficulties in the way of making both ends meet honestly. Many things which were formerly considered mere young ladyish accomplishments have lately developed into visible means of support, and this is largely due, of course, to the present extraordinary rage for art decoration, which has stimulated the taste for fine needlework and embroidery of every kind. Teaching used to be almost the only career open to a refined and well-educated woman left alone in the world; but now to the doctors, ministers and lawyers among the fair sex must be added artists of every kind and sort. In nothing is the change more apparent here than in the present value to a woman of a talent for water-color painting. Our mothers and grandmothers "painted beautifully in water-colors, and of such is," undoubtedly, "the kingdom of heaven," but they never thought of depending for a comfortable livelihood on the strokes of their dainty brushes, and the hues of the curious flowers they painted on velvet, silk and satin. But in this latter half of the nineteenth century, when beauty and utility have come to be so happily combined, many a gentle and graceful girl has turned this elegant drawing-room accomplishment to wonderful account. Statistics on the subject would be astonishing to those who are ignorant of the steady demand existing in great cities like New York and Boston for this particular branch of feminine handiwork, which is more than mere handiwork. There are in our city and its suburbs dozens of young ladies who have orders in advance for all the painting on silk and satin they can possibly do, and at remunerative prices, too. The articles most in use thus decorated are toilet cushions and *sachets* for perfuming handkerchief boxes, and drawers for *lingerie*. They (the latter) are generally about eight inches in length by five in breadth, and are painted in sprays of delicate ferns and flowers, copied exactly from nature, on the palest-hued silks—pale blue, pale pink, or salmon color. No trousseau is complete without these elegant trifles, and the supply is hardly ever equal to the demand. Painting on china, too, is another "paying" branch of woman's work, and it is really surprising to see how many women attain to real excellence in it. Wood carving already affords support to many women here, as it has done for so long a time in Germany; and engraving on wood is only a further development of the same occupation. All these things are now done, and done well, by our cultivated women, and the various art schools that have sprung into being of late have accomplished wonders not only in the way of teaching, but in fostering the growing taste for artistic decoration, and in creating a market for the beautiful productions of their pupils and the feminine world at large.

AUGUST.

Stick to Your Farm.

Trade in some manufacturing goods is playing some queer pranks now-a-days. A man or a company may work hard, expending much time and money in perfecting some article of general use, and suddenly finds that elsewhere some one has been at the same work, and can sell the results for less money. A few years ago, England was the only country which manufactured cotton prints for export, while the idea of any one competing with her in her home markets was laughed at as a bit of insanity; but to-day American prints are being worn by operatives in English cotton mills, having been found to be prettier, better and cheaper. Now we hear that agents of German cutlery have been to Sheffield, heretofore the acknowledged center of the cutlery trade of the world, and sold their goods at prices which the home manufacturers could not underbid. Sheffield will continue to make knives and scissors, and no American will be foolish enough to hope that English print works will be closed, but the illustrations which we have given of the fluctuations of trade will show the American farmer that business which he mournfully considers more profitable than his own is subject to drawbacks and dangers which the agriculturist never knows. Breadstuffs and food materials are always in demand, and have a tolerably uniform value the world over. No competition, no new farming community that may be developed, can ever afflict farmers with "lockouts," such as workers in the trades are constantly experiencing, nor in tremendous failures like those which are constantly startling the commercial world. The over-stocked manufacturer cannot eat his superfluous knives or prints, nor can the locked-out operative dine on his tools, but in the worst season the farmer is sure at least of a full stomach and a roof over his head. Sensible is he if, instead of grumbling at his lot, he makes the best of it and realizes how in the long run he is better off than many whose occasional success he envies.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOW WILKIE COLLINS WRITES NOVELS.—"Why, the truth is, I write all day long, or nearly so. I've been obliged to stop writing at night. I used to write a good deal at night—the temptation to do it is very great, as there are no children and no organs about after midnight—but I really found that my bed room was so full of ghosts when I tried to go to sleep that I could not close my eyes. I indulged, too, in far more pipes than were good for me in the wee hours. I had to stop both smoking and writing at night."

"Not all day?"

"Very nearly. I find that the only way in which I can ply my 'small trade' (?) is by not going out at all."

"But one must have exercise."

"I cannot take any until after I've finished my writing for the day, for so sure as I go out, the inspiration flies, and I cannot lure it back until the next day."

The second floor (American style) of his spacious mansion in Gloucester place is devoted to the work-room for the "small trade" of the great novelist. In what we shall call the back parlor—a large, square apartment—he sits at one of two large square tables and weaves the fictions that enchant the world.—*Olive Logan, in Wilkes' Spirit.*

"IF WE'D THOUGHT."

If we'd thought at our last meeting
With the friend we loved so dear
By his grave we'd soon be standing,
Dropping down the silent tear.
Would that word we spoke so lightly
Have been uttered by us then?
Would that on our silent sorrow
We could call it back again!

If we'd thought that soon a parting
Would us sever far and wide,
That some of the gladsome faces
Would be soon across the tide,
Would the hasty word and action,
Would the satire sharp and keen
From our lips have ever fallen,
Or the action ever been seen?

If we'd thought the friendly counsel
Was the last we e'er should hear,
Would we then have scoffed so lightly—
Let our heedlessness appear?
If we'd thought the kind inquiry
Soon would cease forevermore,
Would it then have been a trouble,
Would we then have wished it o'er?

If we'd thought that act of kindness
Was the last our friend should seek,
Would we have by cruel harshness
Brought the blushes to his cheek?
If we'd thought our heartless folly
Would have left so deep a sore,
Would we then have spoken rudely?
Would we not have bridled it o'er?

If we'd thought—alas! the sorrows
That the words awaken now;
If we'd thought, ah! then the wrinkles
Would be fewer on the brow.
"If we'd thought that death was coming,"
Will that be our latest cry?
God forbid! we know he's coming;
Let us think—he draweth nigh.

—[London Christian.

A Run for Life.

A pale, delicate woman stood at the window of a log-house, looking anxiously out at the storm. It had rained for three days and nights, and was still pouring. The wind blew fearfully. At first it seemed as if it would tear the strong grass up by the roots; as for trees, there were none, for it was in the very heart of an open prairie. But now the grass was entirely covered with water; the river had overflowed, and as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but angry, wind tossed waves.

"Mamma," said Julia, a little girl of nine, the oldest of six children, "I should think this was another flood, and our house was the ark."

Mrs. Payson made no reply.

"Flood, indeed; but we are not in an ark," thought she, continuing to gaze with terror out of the window.

Night was coming on black and grim. What might happen before morning? Her husband had just started for the Black Hills, and here was she, a feeble woman, left alone with her little family two miles from any neighbor.

The water was rising, rising; she had been watching it all day; it had got now as far as the top of the doorstone; how long before it would fill the house and sweep it away? The roar of the waters sounded nearer and nearer. Something must be done; she had already waited too long.

"Julia," said she, taking her little girl one side, "you are all mamma has to lean upon—do you know it? Don't be frightened, darling, but listen to me. We must go away from this house!"

"Oh, but mamma, how can we get anywhere through all this water?"

"I will take you through. God will give me strength."

"But that awful gully, mamma, where the river pours through; you forget we can't cross the gully, mamma."

"Julia," said Mrs. Payson, a strange gleam lighting her pale face, "do as I say. Wrap up your two little brothers warmly and bring them along after me."

Poor Julia, trusting her mother as her mother trusted God, ran, though trembling, for the boys' caps and cloaks. Mrs. Payson took from the cradle the sleeping baby, summoned the two little girls in a cheery voice, and they all set forth in the fast-falling twilight, though none of them, except Julia and her mother, knew that they were fleeing for their lives.

The ravine was as high as Mrs. Payson's waist, and the current so strong she could hardly breast it.

"Lord save us, or we perish!" she prayed, clasping her two youngest ones and struggling forward.

Five times she crossed the roaring stream and back again, until the last child was safely over!

Then through the storm and darkness they walked two miles across the prairie to the house of Mr. Hughes. It was nine o'clock by this time, and the lights were out, but the good neighbor rose speedily to take in the wanderers.

"Good heavens! how did you cross the gully?" he cried.

But Mrs. Payson had sunk to the floor speechless with exhaustion.

There were only three rooms in the house, and the family numbered seven, but there was plenty of room for seven more.

Next morning Mr. Hughes went to see what had become of the Payson dwelling. He could get no further than the ravine, which was now impassable; but he could see that the log-house was still standing, its chimneys just visible above the flood. The family had barely escaped a watery grave.

"It was a miracle," said good Mrs. Hughes, when her husband returned.

Mrs. Payson lay in bed propped up with pillows, but the same glow came back to her face that had lighted it up the night before, as she said:

"I believe a mother can do almost anything. I never knew before what strength there is in love!"—*Plymouth Chimes.*

GONE TO SEA.—The following story about President Lincoln, which may not be new to all our readers, was recently repeated by Bishop Simpson:

"I was informed one day that a committee from New York, composed of leading citizens, went to see him in reference to the conduct of the war. After they had transacted their general business, and the committee were making their way to the door—he was standing in the other part of the room—one of the gentlemen, who presumed on his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln to ask particularly searching questions, stepped up to him, and in the lowest tone of voice said:

"'Mr. President, I would like very much to know where Burnside's fleet is going.'

"Burnside had just sailed with a fleet, but the destination was unknown.

"'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, in a low tone of voice, 'would you very much like to know?'

"'Yes, I would,' said he.

"'Well, now, if I should tell you, perhaps you would tell some one else,' was the reply of Mr. Lincoln.

"'No, I would not.'

"Then Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand to his face, and as if to whisper, said, loud enough for all to hear:

"'He's gone to sea!'"

THE HOME.

[This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be devoted to the household, lawn and garden. Correspondents having new and tried recipes for any department of domestic occupation will confer a public favor by contributing to this column.]

To polish furniture, take of good alcohol one-half pint, quarter of an ounce pulverized resin, the same of gum shellac; after this has dissolved, add one-half-pint of linseed oil; shake well.

Articles of brass may be readily brightened by first washing in sour milk and then scouring with wood ashes. Flat surfaces can be best secured by the use of a cork instead of cloth.

To clean colored silk, wash in warm soapsuds, rinse in clear, warm water, dry quickly, and iron on the wrong side while yet rather damp. If there are grease spots on the silk, press with a tolerably warm iron under brown paper.

Of animal food, beef, mutton and venison are the best meals for weak stomachs, for, though young meats are more tender, they are less digestible than old ones. Soup and broth are not so digestible as properly dressed solid meat.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take one dozen of large oysters and put them in one quart of cold water; as soon as they boil, skim off the froth; let them simmer ten minutes, then add one-fourth of a pound of butter-crackers, rolled fine, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper; let this cook five minutes more.

ECONOMICAL BREAD.—Only the coarse bran to be removed from the flour; of this take five pounds, and boil it in rather more than four gallons of water, so that when perfectly smooth you may have three gallons and three quarts of bran-water clear; with this knead fifty-six pounds of flour, adding salt and yeast in the same way and proportions as for other bread. Thus made, flour will imbibe three quarts more of bran-water than of plain, so that it not only produces a more nutritious, substantial food, but makes an increase of one-fifth of the usual quantity of bread, which is a saving of one day's consumption out of six. The same quantity of flour which, kneaded with water, produces sixty-nine pounds eight ounces of bread, will in the above way make eighty-three pounds eight ounces. When three days old, this bread put into the oven for twenty minutes will appear quite new again.

TO PRESERVE LEMONS.—Take some fine lemons, pare the yellow rind off very thin, cut out a piece of the rind at the blossom end, and remove the pulps and pits. Now rub the lemons well over with fine salt, and lay them in water, where they should remain for five or six days, totally immersed. Then boil them in new salt and water twenty minutes. Next prepare a syrup of one pound of loaf sugar to one quart of water, well skimmed; into this put the lemons, and boil for five or six minutes each day for four days successively; then place them in a jar, and let them stand for six weeks, being particular that they are completely covered with syrup. After the special time, make a thick, fine, clear syrup of the best refined sugar and water, put the lemons into it, and boil them gently ten minutes; set them aside, and after twenty hours boil them again at short intervals until they look plump and clear. Then lay them into jars or glasses, and pour the syrup over them cold; cover them with brandy paper, and tie bladder and leather over all.

ORIGINAL SIN.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, said: "We are told that 'in Adam's fall we sinned all,' but I don't believe any such nonsense. If I am to be punished eternally for what my great-great-great-grandfather did six thousand years ago, I might as well give up. I am responsible for Henry Ward Beecher's conduct, and not for the naughtiness of my ancestors. There is wickedness that is original with me that is much greater than any devilry I may have inherited. If Adam put poison into the ocean six thousand years ago, then that poison must be very thin by this time, in fact, too thin to do much harm. It is meaner than dirt for us to sin and lay it to Adam. Let Adam answer for himself and we for ourselves. Let us remember that we are free moral agents, and that our duty is to labor for righteousness."

Ladies are rapidly coming to the front in all parts of the Union. Mrs. Gross, M. D., of Chicago, has an income of $12,000 a year from her practice, and another lady physician in the same city, Mrs. Sabin Smith, makes even more than that. Besides these, there are several ladies in Chicago who have a fair practice and make a comfortable living. And ladies are beginning to be very successful in common business. Mrs. J. B. Wilson, of Canton, Ohio, has made and sold twelve hundred hay rakes this season, some of which have been shipped to California, and some to England and France. This is a very good showing for these depressed times. At least, it may be doubted whether many men have done better.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Rev. Olympia Brown, pastor of the Universalist Church at Racine, Wis., has received a well-deserved expression of confidence. At a recent meeting of the whole congregation, a unanimous vote was passed expressing gratitude for the manner in which she has performed her duties, and acknowledging that their "present prosperity is largely due to her unselfish devotion to the cause of truth, her assiduous labors as pastor, and her pre-eminent ability as a preacher." Mrs. Brown took charge of this society about a year ago, when its affairs were at a low ebb.

Mrs. Marion V. Dudley has recently delivered her lecture on "Self-Made Women"—received last Winter in Boston with so much acceptance—before a large, cultivated and admiring audience, in the Assembly Chamber in Madison, under the auspices of the young ladies of the State University.

The New York Methodist Episcopal Conference, at a late meeting, adopted a report that recommended the *Christian Advocate* to "publish shorter articles, give less space to long lectures, make the paper more popular in character, and indulge less in self-laudation."

The granddaughter of Burns is about to marry a Mr. David Wingate, who, like her grandfather, is a leading Scotch workingman poet.